Rating:

Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warnings:

No Archive Warnings Apply Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Categories:

F/M M/M

Fandom:

Hannibal (TV)

Relationship:

Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter

Characters:

Will Graham Hannibal Lecter Will Graham's Parents Winston (Hannibal) Jack Crawford Alana Bloom Brian Zeller Jimmy Price Beverly Katz Dr. Frederick Chilton

Additional Tags:

Non-Evil Hannibal Lecter Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter Mutual Pining Fluff and Angst Hannibal Lecter is Not a Cannibal Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence

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One Day

PAPILLON (000papillon000)

Notes:

Apologies for the short chapter. I'll be updating this very soon. Hang tight.

Work Text:

FROM THE DIARY OF WILL GRAHAM

7 May 2050

My mother gave me an old, leather-bound journal for my seventeenth birthday. At first glance, the blankness startled me, as if the story had somehow been lost, or had slipped out in passing. She explained that sometimes the story is supposed to be missing, because it hadn't yet been written.

Paper books aren't made anymore, and it's against the law to fell trees. They grow naturally near the Equator, but I've never seen one. Most cities are forested with synthetic trees. People tend to prefer these to real ones. Synthetics come in boxes, which are shipped to one's house. There's no waiting twenty years for one to grow. Nowadays, one only has to go onto the Internet for the briefest moment, choosing the desired kind and height, and within days, one has a tree in their garden, cemented into the earth and supported by steel beams, which are anchored in the base.

Synthetic trees never die. They don't wither in the autumn, and there's no mess of leaves to sweep up in the mornings. They're fireproof, and always perfectly green. The leaves can fade from constant sun exposure, but all it takes is spray-painting them green again. In the autumn, all of our neighbours spray-paint the leaves on their trees yellow, orange, and red—all the colours that leaves used to turn before they fell. My mother still remembers seeing the colours of autumn when she was very young. She says it was the most beautiful time of the year, but I can't imagine anything becoming beautiful as it dies.

When the Great Fires came, and the forests were overharvested, books were the first to go, and ever since, they're downloaded digitally. I can order any book I want, and have it uploaded to my Bookbag in seconds. My computer reads the words aloud to me. Though, I know how to read, of course. I learned it in Year 2. It was proven that audio learning is a quicker, more efficient way to retain information, and a politician thought this theory sounded glamorous, so they changed a law that changed the world.

Of course, I haven't yet escaped using my eyes to read. My mother enforces it. She kept all of her books and stores them in a china cabinet with glass doors. Every year, she passes them on to me. I have a collection slowly piling up in one corner of my bedroom. There's nothing better than escaping into their world, where the sky fizzles and pops with fireworks, and I stand, open-mouthed, in wonder. They open the door to another realm entirely, and invite us inside. Through books, I escape from my dark, cold world, where the landscape is bleak and colourless. Although barricading them behind glass seems slightly obsessive, my mother insists that the paper will weather if exposed to air.

So, then, you can imagine my surprise when my mother gave me a blank book. I so rarely see a book with print in it, and now a blank one—what a terrible shame. No wonder all the trees are gone. And I'm supposed to write in it, using longhand, which hasn't been used in twenty years. I learned it in school, but it was simulated on my iPad. Only specialty shops sell ink pens, now.

I feel guilty writing on this paper—for staining something with words, when perhaps it is their pure, untouched emptiness that means so much more than anything I could ever say. My life is so very far from remarkable. It is predictable, controlled, and mandated.

Why should I waste precious time writing down my thoughts when no one else can read them? So many people have access to everything there is to know about Will Graham. I'm accustomed to feedback and comments trailing my every word, and every thought I expose to the world. Attention leaves me with a feeling of justification, and it means that people genuinely care what I have to say. It reminds me that I am alive in the moments when sometimes it seems as though the world will be pulled out from under me again. Why hide in a book? And regardless, there's no such thing as secrets. Sooner or later, the truth will out.

It always does.

Series this work belongs to:

- Part 1 of If Tomorrow Never Comes